

DEATH OF A COCKATOO

Died 1942, in Regent's Park, Cocky, sulphur-crested cockatoo, aged 138. Lamented by a mighty multitude.

It is a small thing in a world like this, perhaps, and yet this cockatoo was the only living creature (except possibly an ancient tortoise or two) which had bridged time from the fall of Napoleon to the rise of Hitler. He came into a world on fire; he has gone out from a world on fire: need we wonder that this sulphur-crested cockatoo felt at home on this sulphurated globe?

It took us twenty years to beat Napoleon, and this cockatoo lived through half of them. If he could have told the tale of his long life, the opening and the closing chapters of its 138 years would have seemed so similar that they could almost have been transposed in a book. If he could know anything of our world affairs he would surely be a pessimist, for in his youth he saw Napoleon strutting across the continent, enslaving populations and overturning kings, and in his old age he saw the filthy spectacle of Adolf Schicklgruber lording the earth like a conqueror.

Britain Alone

The Corsican was 35 when Cockatoo was born, and was thinking of invading England. He had dreamed of conquering Egypt and had seized Alexandria, had fought a battle at the Pyramids with forty centuries looking down on him, and was master of Cairo. He had stormed Jaffa and taken Syria. He had slain 4000 prisoners who were a nuisance to him, had slipped through the British Fleet while Nelson was napping, had driven the French Parliament out of its seat, and was supreme in France. He had conquered Italy and Austria, and Britain alone was left to save the world from his grip.

In the year when Cockatoo was born Napoleon made himself Emperor and was lord of Europe. The Island stood alone against him, and was in grave peril. We had half a million men and Napoleon had a million. France was filled with military glory and we hated it. We had a German king who threw away a British Empire in an afternoon. We had piled up a debt of nearly 500 millions, and were ill-prepared to match ourselves against the man who held in the hollow of his hands the power of Spain, Portugal, Holland, Switzerland, and all the German States. He stood across the Channel, waiting with 150,000 men, while English mothers trembled to think that when he landed he would eat their children.

He did not come. When Cockatoo was one year old there was a battle at Trafalgar, where Nelson fell and Napoleon's fleet went down.

Russia Refuses to be Conquered

Looking backward we may think that should have ended the great conflict, but the famous sea-fight was not enough. Napoleon marched on land with 180,000 men and in six weeks was master of Vienna, which had always dominated Central Europe. The Russians attacked him and he defeated them. He invented the idea of grouping the neutrals together and leaving Britain alone, and when Cockatoo was two years old Napoleon had won Austerlitz and Jena, which brought all Austria and Germany to their knees. He reached Berlin in a month. Cockatoo was still only two when the French army stormed the Prussian capital. He was

only three when the Russians were fighting Napoleon alone, refusing to be conquered.

When Cockatoo was four a British army of 30,000 men marched into Spain to meet Napoleon with ten times their might, and while Napoleon was gathering his strength the little British army was warned, fought a brave fight at Corunna while retreating, buried Sir John Moore "darkly at dead of night," and arrived home a shattered remnant of its splendid self. The nation was overwhelmed. Resistance to Napoleon was a vain sacrifice of lives, men said. The City of London petitioned for the withdrawal of our troops from the continent.

Wellington Comes

But it was not our way to succumb to despair. We have had enough calamities and dangers to know what to do with them. There were 300,000 of the world's best soldiers in Spain, and we had to drive them out and free the Peninsula from Napoleon.

The Island was in deadly earnest. Pitt had died with a broken heart after Austerlitz, sighing for his country; but Wellington was coming on, and he landed in Spain where Cockatoo was five. Wellington had 50,000 men against Napoleon's 300,000, but by the time Cockatoo was six the French were retreating and a victorious British army entering Madrid with the church bells ringing.

YET Napoleon had men enough and dreams enough to go marching on. He was undismayed by the coming of Wellington. Leaving behind him a great army to guard his Spanish conquests and his homeland, he set out to destroy Russia. He collected six hundred thousand men from the troops of six nations, and one summer's day in 1812 he entered Russia like a conqueror. Flushed with pride and conscious of his dazzling triumphs, he faced the perils of bad water, great heat, and fearful disease, and marched forward while the Russians retreated, laying waste the country as they went. They stood at Borodino, where at the end of the day of battle 100,000 men lay dead in an indecisive fight; but the way to Moscow was open, and, like a wild beast eager for his prey, Napoleon marched on to grasp his prize. He had lost half his men on the way, but Moscow was ahead.

The Grande Armée

He found it burning, a city of the dead. Baffled and beaten by imponderable forces, hopeless of penetrating farther into mighty Russia or of defeating these people who would not be defeated, he lingered a few weeks in sight of the burning city and then turned back, to march home with the remnant of his army. It was winter, and the snow was falling. Thousands of men died every day of hunger and cold. The Grande Armée of the conqueror of Europe was torn to shreds. Half of it had perished on the way out; of the other half 220,000 were frozen in the snows. Of 600,000 men who marched with Napoleon into Russia on that summer's day only 80,000 came back to France.

COCKATOO was eight and Napoleon was 43.

He was back in Paris without his army. Those who have read Thomas Hardy's Dynasts will remember how the poet makes Napoleon say he will gild the Dome of the Invalides to give the people something to talk

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CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

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EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE



Cocky of
the London Zoo

who has just
died at 138

The Raider of the Burrow

STRATEGY IN THE INSECT WORLD

A CLOSE observer of nature was sitting in his garden the other day when he saw one of the hymenopterous insects, to which the bees, ants, and wasps belong, behaving in a strange way. He watched it carefully.

The fly was dragging along a paralysed caterpillar, and looking about for its burrow, where its eggs were laid. At last the burrow was found, and, putting the caterpillar down, the fly descended the burrow and brought up from it some small pebbles, evidently put there to prevent any intruder from getting in. Having done this, the insect began smoothing the caterpillar so as to make it easier to pull into the burrow. Then it grasped the prey and slowly disappeared with it below ground.

These particular insects show remarkable instinct in knowing exactly where to sting the caterpillar so as to paralyse it, and when the creature is powerless it is deposited in the burrow, where it remains alive till the insect's eggs hatch out and the grubs can feed on the caterpillar. Not a pleasing picture certainly, but a picture of nature as we find it.

When the fly had pulled the caterpillar into the burrow, the observer heard another insect buzzing about, and saw another fly, evidently interested in the burrow and its contents. The

insect below ground plainly heard the newcomer, for he pushed his head out of the hole, and appeared to be looking round in an anxious way, whereupon the second fly flew off, and the other withdrew into the burrow. But the marauder was soon back, and, walking carefully towards the hole, took away one by one the small pebbles the first fly had brought up from below.

From a human standpoint this action looks as though the second fly said to himself: "If I remove those pebbles he won't be able to block up the burrow, and then I can return and lay my eggs in it as well." But whether this is so or not, on the pebbles being removed the second fly took his departure. Finally fly Number One emerged from the burrow, and the observer was amused to see how bewildered it was to find the pebbles gone. It looked everywhere for them, and finally, no doubt with disgust, scraped up some sand and pushed this into the burrow in order to block it.

Many people would probably say that all these insectivorous actions were merely the result of blind instinct, a very unsatisfactory explanation. To others it will seem that these actions displayed reason, and reason of a high order. Anyway, if human beings had been responsible for them no one would think of doubting this conclusion.

WHICH WAY IN INDIA? Order or Chaos?

ALL over the world men of goodwill and lovers of freedom deplore the situation that has arisen in India, where Mr Gandhi has prevailed upon the Congress Party to launch a campaign of civil disobedience to force the British to withdraw at once.

It must be counted an act of madness, for it is obvious that no withdrawal is possible with the Japanese at the gate, even if under any circumstances a self-respecting Government could yield to methods of blackmail. Mr. Gandhi himself has said that he would be willing to negotiate with the Japanese, and it is hard to believe that enemy influence is not lurking somewhere behind the scenes.

The fact is, of course, that the Government has made it clear to all the world that it will confer independence on India after the war on any terms India can agree upon. The pity is that no one body can speak for India, and Congress itself speaks for only part of it, the Hindus of Congress and the Moslems of the Moslem League being almost at daggers drawn. The Moslems, the second greatest party in India, are strongly opposed to the withdrawal of the British while the war is on, and equally strongly opposed to Congress domination.

The Government has faced the situation with courage and statesmanlike wisdom, and has taken steps which it hopes will prevent widespread confusion. It seeks not to punish Mr. Gandhi's followers, but merely to prevent them making mischief, and has placed Gandhi himself and the chief Congress leaders under arrest.

It is tragic that the differences between the Indians themselves should be the only barrier in the way of the realisation of the dream of independence, but the Government can do no more than offer India self-government when it can agree to take it. By accepting Mr. Gandhi's plan of withdrawing it would throw India into utter confusion, lay it at the mercy of the Japs, and imperil the independence not only of India but of China and Russia, too. The liberty and dignity of half the world is at stake, and it would be lunacy to throw such a heavy weight into the scales against the Allies and the cause of freedom merely to satisfy a crazy demand.

It cannot be claimed that the followers of Mr. Gandhi are true friends of India, for to grant their demand today would destroy peace in India for a generation and plunge the world into chaos for years to come. To grant it when the war is over will be safe, and the Government has pledged its word to do so. It is not possible for the British Government to betray the people of India, the cause of the Allies, and Civilisation itself, at the bidding of a political party which seeks to dominate all India.

The truth appears to be that Congress has lost caste by overthrowing the Cripps proposals, and now seeks to assert its power regardless of consequences.

Good Farm News

THE Minister of Agriculture has placed before Parliament an extraordinarily good report on food production.

In many counties, once-derelict farms are now producing excellent crops. The British countryside has become much more lovely, he declared, because of the increased mixed farming. True, there might have been some waste in increasing potato yield, but against this the country had gained an invaluable insurance.

Mickles and Muckles

DEAR EDITOR, It is said that if a falsehood gets ten minutes start it can never be overtaken, and the same is true of a false proverb, such as "Many a mickle makes a muckle."

Mickle, Meikle, and Muckle are different forms of the same word, found in different districts. I have myself been called Mr Mickle by an English professor, and have heard my father called Robin Muckle. The proverb as quoted above is therefore nonsense. Yet within recent months we have had it so, from the mouth of a Cardinal, of a War Minister, and now from the pages of the CN, all despite frequent corrections. I think too much of the CN to pass this error by, and hope you will be able somehow to put it right. The proverb appears correctly in various forms, one of which is "Many littles mak' a muckle."

REV. JAMES MEEKLE, Edinburgh

DISCOVERY IN THE STRAND

Thousands of people pass the pathetic ruins of St. Clement Danes Church in the Strand every day, but few of them know that beneath the church is a great crypt, and not one of them knew the way into the crypt.

The entrance was closed about a hundred years ago and has only now been found again. It has been discovered under a huge memorial stone. Old plans showed marks of a stairway, and on taking up this great stone there was to be seen beneath it not a grave but a flight of steps leading down to the crypt.

The discoverers were in search of the foundations of the church which they hope some day to restore, and in their searching they found the way to the crypt, which was closed in 1851, when all burials in it were forbidden. The crypt covers half the area of the church.

Little News Reels

WE hear that Northfleet Central School for Boys has collected over 1300 razor blades for salvage and more than 10,000 good beads to send to a hospital for cripples and bed-ridden patients.

Fifty burly butchers of Burnley, who have found it unnecessary to keep their shops open all the week, have promised two days work on the land weekly throughout the year.

Tomatoes are growing in the window boxes of Lancashire cotton mills.

MANCHESTER and Salford have started a scheme of voluntary queue marshals.

Companies of the Girls' Life Brigade in Leeds have presented to the Regional Commissioner for National Savings £30 17s 8d for lifebelts for the new Ark Royal; the G. L. B. motto is To Save Life.

We hear of a Street Savings Group in which the organiser collects £50 a week.

Blackpool has now a thousand Savings Groups.

IN three months the LMS Railway has salvaged 40 million sheets of used letter paper, equal to two million copies of a 4-page daily paper.

Among those whom our friends the Quakers have been allowed to visit in prison we hear of Norwegians brought to England after a Commando raid, a Chinese sailor, a German who had escaped from a Gestapo camp and swum four miles to Gibraltar, and an Armenian general.

Yorkshire prospects of a sugar beet record harvest are very bright. There are now 34,000 acres under cultivation as compared with last year's 9000 acres.

Scout and Guide News Reel

LORD GORT, writing to the Chief Scout recently, said of the Scouts of Malta that "They have been most helpful to me lately."

Crippled Scouts of Bromsgrove (Worcestershire) recently staged a Gang Show for the B.P. Memorial Fund and succeeded in raising £6 10s.

Scouts are answering the Government call for 1000 tons of horse-chestnuts and 1500 tons of rose-hips to be collected this year; they are also collecting nettles, foxgloves, raspberry leaves, sphagnum moss, meadow saffron, and centaury.

A BLITZ Cookery Competition was held by Guides of Grimsby and Cleethorpes, the first meal, consisting of rissoles, vegetable stew, and steamed pudding and custard, being ready within ninety minutes.

A Ranger Company formed six months ago at Alyth in Perthshire has been accepted as a Civil Defence organisation.

For nearly three years Brownies, Guides, and Rangers of Rutherglen in Lanarkshire have given a monthly party to men in a local Services hospital, a different Company being responsible for each programme.

THINGS SEEN

A land girl as a white bride going to Eastling Church in a gaily decorated farm wagon.

A heifer in a china shop near Windsor Castle.

A mother hedgehog with her five little ones in an Anderson shelter.

Oats with 256 grains on one head on a Yorkshire farm near Malton.

DEATH OF A COCKATOO

Continued from page 1

about while they forgot the woes of Moscow. It was not necessary, for still his people believed in him. He turned boys of 17 into soldiers, took anybody over five feet one, and raised another army of 200,000 men to fight the Russians and the Prussians.

But it was a hopeless dream. Wellington was now in France with a million men, and the Allies got to Paris. They were received with delight, and Napoleon tried to take his own life. Even that the conqueror failed to do, and when Cockatoo was ten Napoleon set out for a ten-months holiday. The victorious Allies, hailed with delight by the French Government, which was tired at last, gave Napoleon a bodyguard of 400 men and sent him to the Island of Elba with £100,000 a year! He crept away disguised to avoid the fury of the people, and on Elba he laid out new roads, imposed taxes, and pretended to be a king. The Allies went to Vienna to put Europe straight, and one day the Congress was suddenly disturbed by the arrival of bad news. Napoleon had escaped!

Waterloo

He arrived in Paris with a thousand men, and the new Bourbon Government melted like victory in the Russian snows. The War Minister gave him his sword, and Marshal Ney, who had told the king he would bring Napoleon back in a cage, fell at his feet on seeing him. The Congress of Vienna broke up, and the Allied army, on its weary way home again, was called back to march on France. It was the final hour. Cockatoo was eleven.

WHEN the hour came the only troops ready were Wellington's, 24,000 British and 40,000 mixed doubtfully. Napoleon had 80,000, and they met at Waterloo. Wellington could see Napoleon through his glasses and the battle was touch-and-go. Napoleon shrieked for reinforcements as his fortunes swayed in the balance; Wellington had nothing to send to his desperate generals when the messenger asked what was to be done:

*Done? Those he has left, be they many or few,
Fight till they fall, like others
in the field.*

But when the day was done it was Wellington's, and Napoleon gave himself up to the British people, "his most generous foe." He was sent to St Helena, and died in great pain after an angry life on the island for six years.

America

We had been fighting for nearly twenty years, often alone, against tremendous odds. At the very end, as if we were not tired enough, a quarrel arose with America over rights at sea, and the new Republic was against us. We were at war with Napoleon and the country of George Washington, and it was only after a shameful burning of

Washington's great buildings that we made peace.

COCKATOO was growing up; he was eleven when the Congress of Vienna met again, with Napoleon safe this time, a captive in a little house kept under constant watch. Yet the Congress was unequal to its opportunity. It recognised no new spirit in Europe. It restored all the small dukes to their duchies, kept Italy asunder and thwarted her unity, made Holland and Belgium one kingdom, and restored the domination of Austria. For fifty years Europe was to be pouring out its blood and energy to undo the work of this Congress.

Bismarck

When Cockatoo was 29 Prussia was growing strong and organised a German league without Austria. When Cockatoo was 43 Bismarck made war on Prussian liberalism and set his seal on the policy of the divine right of Prussia to whatever she wanted. When Cockatoo was 58 Bismarck suspended the Prussian Parliament, restrained its Press, and planned the seizure of two Danish provinces, which he carried out with Austria's aid before he went to war with Austria and defeated her.

Now there had grown up in France a little new Napoleon, and Bismarck, forging a telegram, forced France into war and scattered her power to fragments. Napoleon had reduced Germany's 300 duchies to 30, and Bismarck rolled the 30 into one. Prussia was now leader of the German host, the rising power in Europe, set on the road to conquest. It was 1872. Cockatoo was halfway through his long life.

ALL the world knows now what this old Cockatoo never knew, that the power of Prussia has swollen until it is the master of all Germans and has made them its slaves. When Cockatoo was 110 the German army was at the gates of Paris, returning the call of the French army in Berlin 108 years before. But the gates of Paris did not open for the arrogant invaders, and when Cockatoo was four years older the German Empire was a beggar at the door.

Man's Darkest Hour

Of all the miserable tale of Cockatoo's years since then there is no need to speak, but once more the Island has been alone against the enemy of all mankind, once more the world has rallied to us and revived the hope of man in his darkest hour, and once more it is seen that history will at length be repeated and the tyrant will fall. Had Cockatoo lived another year or more he would have seen the fall, as he saw the rise, of the two greatest upstarts of the centuries. He has gone, full of years and blissful ignorance, and it is left for us to see the completion of this strange story of the hard road of man to freedom and a warless world. Arthur Mee

The Gas Puts Out the Fire. WORK & PLAY.

STILL another use has been found for the gas that makes soda water, carbon dioxide. It can put out fires. In the United States it is being installed in steel cylinders at a pressure of 350 lbs to the square inch, in warehouses where inflammable materials are stored, or where ammunition is kept. When the tap of the cylinder is opened the gas, expanding to 450 times the volume it occupied in the cylinder, fills every niche and crevice with the white vapour of the released gas, while at the

same time automatic controls shut every door and window. In a few minutes the room is filled with a gas in which no flame can keep alight.

The robot which turns the tap of the cylinder and lets the gas escape to extinguish the fire is a scientific detector of any heat rising anywhere in the room above a fixed temperature. This robot will detect fires arising from a steam pipe which grows hot, or from a fused electric connection; and at once subdue them.

It is not every day that we are asked to do what we love doing, but the schoolboys of New York are willingly giving up part of the summer holiday in order to do work which is a pleasure.

The United States Navy wants 175,000 models of aircraft, each one a perfect replica. These are needed for recognition exercises, and many of them are to be made by schoolboys. The scale models, correct to the smallest detail, will provide thrilling occupation for many American boys during the next few weeks.

Midway Island Long Ago

EVERYONE has been scanning maps for Midway Island, the lonely cluster of sand bars and coral reefs in the north-western part of the Hawaiian group.

Nearly 50 years ago this scene of a great naval battle was in the news for a more peaceful reason. It happened that a cable was being laid across the Pacific and Midway Island was chosen as one land base. Mr S. S. Dickenson was the engineer in charge. Busy as he was, he found time to pick up shells on the beaches. The Queen of

Hawaii took an interest in his collection and added more shells to it. When it was time to go home the engineer found he had collected nearly a thousand shells, which he packed in two huge boxes.

In time these cases were handed on to his son, also an engineer, who moved them with his other belongings as he travelled round the world, from job to job. Finally he settled in Toronto, and gave the shells from Midway Island to the Royal Ontario Museum.

50 WAYS OF EATING POTATOES

If the war lasts long enough we shall probably become the best cooks in the world, for the Minister of Food is never tired of circulating details of tasty ways of serving up all sorts of foods, some of which we were not sure we liked until he showed us how to cook them. His latest effort was a buffet luncheon in which the dishes were mostly composed of potatoes.

The Minister has prepared 50 ways of serving potatoes in fashions suitable for breakfast, dinner, tea, or supper, and he reminds us that doctors advise that we should all eat at least 12 ounces of potatoes a day.

This year we have many more potatoes than we need, but they are being used up well enough, and farmers, indeed, are being asked to grow more next year.

BENGAL FOOTBALL

A football is the most prized possession of a survivor of the Australian destroyer Vampire, and no wonder, for it saved his life. He clung to it for seven hours when the ship was sunk in the Bay of Bengal.

IN A TINY GARDEN

DEAR EDITOR, Yesterday my wife and I saw something in our tiny garden which we thought might interest you: a field-mouse sharing a dish with some sparrows. While we were watching the sparrows we noticed the mouse dart forward, nibble a piece of the food, and then dart away again. He continued to do this, and meanwhile some of the sparrows appeared to be shy of the mouse, while others objected to his presence. It seemed clear that neither the mouse nor the sparrows were comfortable in the other's company, yet there were occasions when they were all sharing the dish together.

On the same day we noticed a number of ants tenaciously hauling along a live earwig.

WILLIAM JOHN LEWCOCK, Balham

INDOMITABLE

It had been a night of alarms, and the maid who waited on the old lady (who is ninety) ventured to remark, as she took in a cup of tea, that there had been planes about.

"Tut, tut," replied the old lady sharply. "It is nothing. Really, you'd stay awake half the night to listen to a butterfly going over the roof."

THE NON-STOP MAN

All Londoners know the couplet:

Face the driver, raise your hand,
You'll find that he will understand.

A would-be traveller suggests adding this to it:

Can he see me? Is he blind?
Once again I'm left behind.

From the Daily Telegraph



The Fishermen of Blackheath Pond

WALK AND LISTEN

A strange invention has just come from America.

It is a walking listening-in apparatus which anyone can carry on his head, like an upturned helmet or a saucer. The saucer is connected with a despatch-case, easily carried in the hand, which contains a valve amplifier. The pedestrian thus equipped is a walking listener-in.

We must say that we hope the new invention will be considered for emergency only.

WEEDS BLOWING ABOUT

A landowner has written to the Press complaining that whereas farmers are compelled by law to keep down noxious weeds on their land, he, living in the midst of neglected pastures, sees the seeds of thistles and other injurious weeds blowing all about his property. He asks if there is no remedy.

There seems to be none, at any rate in towns.

One reader tells us of a great suburban area with many houses unoccupied where gardens are thick with huge seeding thistles, dandelions, docks, groundsel, sowthistle, chickweed, plantains, and other enemies of cultivated crops. Laws are useless unless they are enforced. A question in Parliament on the necessity of making such regulations effective would be helpful; but the trouble is largely that our laws on the matter are full of loopholes, and it is practically impossible to deal with an enemy whose weeds blow all about us.

MILK IS BEST

The President of the International Association of Milkmen, addressing a State conference in California, said, "Milk is out-selling beer by two to one among the soldiers."

Crops New To Farmers

Mr Hudson, our Minister for Agriculture, appeals to our farmers to turn their attention to two vital crops, new to many of them. The first is flax, well suited to Pembrokeshire.

Another important item he mentions is rye, a crop said to be particularly adapted to the poorer lands of which there are substantial areas in Wales. Mr Hudson said we must have much more rye grown for the 1943 harvest, and he offers substantial help. There will be a payment for the rye crop of £3 an acre, and the maximum market price is put at 14s a cwt.

Here we have another instance to show how, by suitable stimulation, farmers can be brought to review their outputs and methods.

POOR RAT

The fire brigade was lately summoned to an outbreak of fire on some Bournemouth business premises, and it was discovered that the culprit was a rat which had made a short-circuit in trying to get at a refrigerator. The thief had paid for its curiosity with its life.

NONE TOO OLD

The people of Detroit sat and stared at this advertisement in their paper the other day: *Wanted, A1 toolmakers, experienced jig and fixture inspectors. Age limits, 45 to 98 years.*

It was no joke or misprint. The important naval workshop who put the advertisement in the paper wanted an A1 man even if he was 100. "We don't want men staying away because they may think they are too old," they said, and quite rightly too.

GOODBYE BOYS

Parting from those we have come to know and perhaps to love is never pleasant. Some of us feel it more than others, and we know a schoolmaster who almost dreads the last day of summer term when thirty or forty boys who have been in his care for a year pass on to a senior school, leaving his hands for ever.

Last term-end, as many others, he marked the end of the year by a very few words. "Boys," he said, "we have been a year together, and I have tried to teach you a few things. But there is a greater teacher than I can ever hope to be, and that teacher is Life. I want you to remember in the years ahead that Life teaches you most when it is hard, and that we are happiest, not when we are doing what we like, but when with all our heart and mind we are doing what has to be done."

THE ROAD HOG CARRIES ON

The Government has once again commanded motorists to save petrol, tyres, and engines, by driving at a moderate pace; and the A.A. has appealed to the same end. Yet on main roads through London suburbs the command and the appeal are flouted every day by men in lorries and in private cars driving recklessly as if the road were theirs alone and petrol and rubber plentiful.

We fear that discipline has rarely been so slack among a certain class of drivers as now.

SAWDUST

We are learning to be careful in these hard times, and now we hear that the L.N.E.R. is running trains on sawdust. To every four tons of coal a ton of sawdust bricks is used, the bricks being a mixture of sawdust and oil or tar. Over 30,000 of these bricks have been ordered.

THE QUICK DISCOVERY OF ENGLAND

We take this paragraph from Mr Ashley Courtenay's *Hotel Notes in the Sporting and Dramatic News*:

The charm of Cotswold towns and villages lies in their cunning seclusion. With few exceptions, such as Broadway and Winchcombe, few abut the highway and as a consequence a wartime "break" in Cotswold country can be one long glorious game of hide and seek.

Armed with Arthur Mee's Gloucestershire, one of his series of illustrated County Guides, which I commend to all who want to get a quick picture of hidden treasure, I recently accomplished in four days what forty or more motoring trips had failed to reveal in peace days.

PENNY NEWS

The Chancellor of the Exchequer has told Parliament that no pennies were produced in 1941 or 1942, production of the coins having been stopped since 1940 to reduce our imports of copper.

During the last twelve months 110,000,000 nickel threepenny pieces and 4,000,000 silver threepenny pieces were coined. The nickel threepenny pieces are more profitable to the State, and the coining of silver threepenny pieces will continue to be restricted.

THE WRITING IN THE NIGHT

One morning lately the inhabitants of Brussels awoke to find written in the middle of the avenues such slogans as *Down With Hitler! Long Live England! Hooray for the R.A.F! and Long Live de Gaulle!* They had been made at night by a car equipped with tyres cut out and covered with white paint.

The EDITOR'S TABLE

ONE GOOD THING

ONE of the good things that has happened during the war has perhaps been too much overlooked.

It is the settlement of one of the oldest of all our industrial problems—casual labour at the docks. In the old days men would hang about on the chance of getting sixpence an hour or nothing; now every docker's labour is secure and his wage is fixed. It is one of the achievements we must put to the credit side of these dark days, and it is of great value to the workers.

A Little Child Shall Lead Them

DURING a heavy air-raid on York a number of houses in one locality were completely razed to the ground, leaving nothing but a heap of rubble.

When this had been cleared a child was seen to be making a garden, and the idea spread; and where a row of houses used to stand can now be seen an allotment with row after row of cabbages, cauliflowers, onions, beans, and lettuces.

True it is that a little child shall lead them.

Home and Abroad

HE faces desert dangers,
He fights with bomb and gun;
He strives to keep on bravely
Till victory is won.

And she at home as bravely
Fights daily battles, too;
She hides her fears, determined
To see this business through.
Thus he, unflinching, gallant,
And she, too proud for tears,
United are in fighting
For peace in after years.

H. L. G.

OVERHEARD

"I don't think things can have been so very bad in Germany before the war. Do you remember that Hitler was for years telling them they could have Buns or Butter?"

JUST AN IDEA

There are few things truer than that our life is what our thoughts make it.

Under the Editor's Table

IN Poland concrete houses are thrown up for workers. So builders chuck up their job.

A MAN says his fountain pen is beyond a joke. Dry humour.

MPs are debating whether it is possible to cool tanks. The men in them are cool enough.

UTILITY pencils are coming. They will have their good points.

Peter Puck Wants to Know



If short rations fill us with sympathy

CHURCHES are giving up old music books for salvage. Hymns for victory!

Look out for green fruits, says an article. Our greengrocer asks us to look in for them.

MANY public school-boys will be helping with the harvest. And hope to have an Eton crop.

The sweet ration may go up. The sweets will still go down.

Great Admiral and Small King

WE notice that our friend Tubby Clayton, writing to his Toc H men, mentions that Admiral Blake's bones rest in Westminster Abbey; but, alas, they are not there.

Admiral Blake was one of England's noblest heroes. He made the nation great in the world and helped Cromwell to raise her to the pinnacle of fame.

Charles the Second dragged the nation down, sold her interests for gold, and starved the Navy, and yet it was he who flung the bones of the great admiral out of the Abbey.

WHAT MAY HAPPEN

We pass on this fragment of a letter from a very well-known public man abroad who has had exceptional opportunities of seeing Europe (including enemy countries) since the war began.

SOMEHOW I have a feeling that these tragic things that are happening today will pursue a course that will bring them to an end sooner than some expect. One reason is that the war soon will assume such generally cruel a character that the thought of security will eventually overcome the greed of the aggressors, and in order to save themselves they will dispose of their leaders if they do not dispose of themselves.

The hangman is gone—too bad his chief Himmler didn't go first! But his number is up, like that of the rest of the gang.

Libel on the Sun

How curious it is to find small gaps of innocence in the map of a wise man's mind!

Somebody has been quoting from Richard Jefferies, the writer of so many delightful essays on Nature and the Country, a passage in which he described his inability to read out of doors because the loveliness of the world on a sunny day took his thoughts away, or, as he put it, "The sunlight put out the books just as it put out the fire on the hearth."

It is an old woman's tale (if our old lady readers will forgive us), for the sun never put a fire out since it was made on the first day of Creation.

HOLIDAY AT HOME

By Our London Lad

AS it is Sunday afternoon this is a real holiday for everyone in this tucked-away corner of London. It is a poor corner where everyone works day in day out for a living, and therefore is glad to rest on Sunday.

Mother has cooked the dinner and washed up, Father is sleeping the sleep of the well-filled breadwinner, and the children have the key of the street, secure from the interference of people who will ask them what they are doing and, for once in a way, cannot tell them not to do it. Big sister only has the job of taking Baby out in the pram.

THE others are doing just what they like. Some are playing cricket in an unforbidden alley where once a brilliant statesman of Queen Anne's reign had his stately home, now long vanished; and there is a more venturesome group who are diving into the rather muddy Thames from the wharf next to the old church. There is no one to say them nay and they are enjoying it hugely. I know they are, for when one small boy asks another who is puffing and blowing among the river's muddy flotsam: "What's it like, George?" "George answers "Oh, it might be worse!" which is one of the highest expressions of a Londoner's contentment.

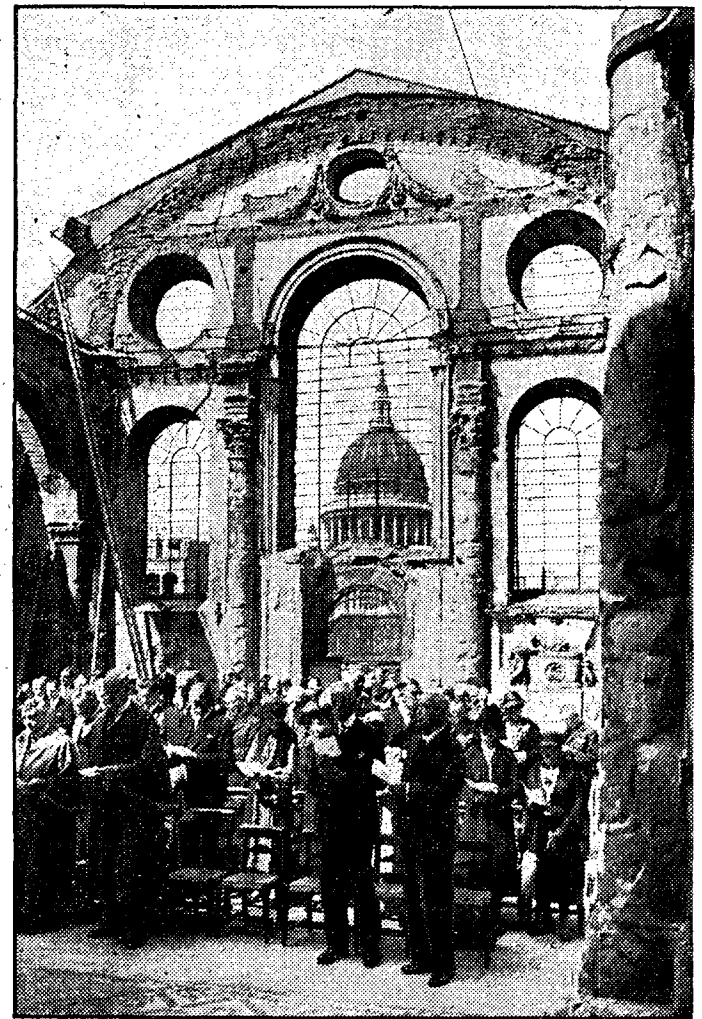
Content everyone seems to be, even in that pathetic narrow street by the big manufactory where the wheels are still whirling and the smoke coming out of the tall chimney, though it is Sunday. I call it pathetic because in the little street one side has lost all its gardens, and the windows of its poor houses are blinded and gaping. Yet it does not feel poor, and the only word anyone will say is as before, "Well, it might be worse." That is London's watchword in these sunny days, and it was its watchword in the worst that have gone before.

SOME may guess where this quiet corner is, though few cross the river to find the old church which, rather mouldering, still waits a better day when some response will be made to the appeal on the painted board beside it for its restoration. Yet its poverty has not robbed it of all its old beauty, and cannot take away its memories. One of these is of Dr Wilson, who died with Captain Scott in the Antarctic snows. He lived in the beautiful old Vicarage near the church. Perhaps he, too, would say "It might have been worse."

PREOCCUPIED

AN amused father sends us this little saying. A letter arrived that had been smuggled from Cap Martin. His little daughter gave it to him in great excitement. "Daddy," she exclaimed, "we've had a letter from preoccupied France."

How little she could imagine how true she was!



Praise From the Ruins

A service held in the ruins of Bow Church, Cheapside, by the Cordwainers of the City, at the invitation of the Ward of Cordwainer Club

TOMMY PLOWMAN

JUST a hundred years ago, in August 1842, there died in Bristol a boy seven years old who had given remarkable promise of intellectual power. His name was Tommy Plowman.

He was a very beautiful child, so that passers-by in the street would remark "What an angel face," but that made no impression on Tommy. His great desire was knowledge. He could walk and use some words before he was a year old, and at 15 months he knew all the letters of the alphabet. His spelling was always right, but he would not spell short words. Nebuchadnezzar and Constantinople were the first he spelt without a book.

At two years old he read fluently and with expression, and could recite 21 verses of poetry learnt from a book. He read the Bible constantly, and would make his granny listen to his recitation of his favourite Psalms, the 27th and 29th.

His father, a mate on a vessel trading between Naples and Bristol, died when Tommy was an infant, and he lived in an upstairs room in Christmas Street, Bristol, with his mother and granny. Here a lady who had been attracted by his behaviour on the Downs, his eager questioning and his frank, lively manner, found him when he was four, seated in a little chair placed on another chair to raise him to the level of the table, on which were strewn books on geology, chemistry, and mechanics. He would make his granny dress him at four o'clock in the morning, when he began

his favourite studies. Before Tommy was a year old he showed such keen interest in a steam engine at work that his mother often took him to see it.

When he was only two years old he was kept indoors by slight illness and begged constantly to go and visit steam engines that at last his mother wrapped him up and took him. His friends the workmen showed him everything for hours, and on his return he ate and slept as he had done for a long time.

He had a wonderful memory and when he was allowed, about five years old, to attend scientific lectures given by Carpenter, a well-known man of science, he made his mother write down exact and correct reports of what he had heard. His moral qualities were remarkable. His word given, nothing could induce him to depart from it.

He made a great impression on various Bristol friends, and his fame having spread London, a Mr Romilly, nephew of the great Sir Samuel Romilly, came to visit him, wrote an enthusiastic account of the boy's appearance and intelligence. The upshot of this was that he was sent to a branch of the Blue Coat School, with most unhappy result, for he caught measles and whooping cough, and died very soon after his return to his mother in Bristol. So he left behind a memory of a most remarkable child instead of the name of a fame that might have been.

Our 20 Centuries

Last week we began looking back at the past 20 centuries and proposed to pick out twenty great steps forward since Christ was born in Bethlehem. Here we give the story of the Third, Fourth, and Fifth Centuries.

THIRD CENTURY

The Roads That Led to Civilisation

ONE of the greatest of the benefits the Roman occupation conferred on Britain was the making of good roads.

Roads lead to civilisation. By the state of its highways the state of a nation may be judged—whether it is progressive or backward. All over the country the Romans made paved causeways between the cities, with great trunk roads running from north to south and east to west.

Many of these Roman roads can be traced still. There is one near Egham in Surrey which ran to Bath, and an inscription put up by the roadside tells how it was made by the soldiers of a

certain Roman legion. Imaginative eyes can see them in their tunics and kilts using their spades and mattocks, jesting with the Britons who helped them, and wishing themselves on foggy days back in sunny Italy or Spain.

These roads were built for military convenience, in order that troops might be moved quickly from place to place. But they had the effect of opening up the country and breaking down the barriers which made the people of one region think of those who inhabited other regions as belonging to a different order of humanity.

FOURTH CENTURY

The Romans Leave the Britons

THERE came a time when, in spite of what they had done for Britain, it was necessary for the development of the country that the Romans should leave. If they had not gone it is probable that there would not have been an England at all. Britain would have remained Britain, the Romans would have continued to rule it; what would have been its destiny we cannot guess.

Therefore we must regard as the gift of the fourth century to us the pressure upon the Roman Empire which the barbarians began then to make persistent and severe. For nearly 400 years the Roman Peace had kept the countries of the civilised world secure against the tribes which were still savage. Now the

attacks of those tribes became fiercer and more frequent, and Rome began to be nervous. The troops occupying Britain, some 50,000, were thought of as a bulwark against the Goths, the Vandals, and the Huns. At first they were withdrawn in small numbers, but as the danger grew they all went home.

The Roman occupation of Britain was over, for the whole Roman Empire was toppling, and it was hopeless to think of keeping this far-off outpost. The Britons, left to themselves, found it hard to keep order. The Scots and the Picts were determined raiders, and pirates ravaged their shores as well. They called in the aid of Germans and sealed their own fate.

FIFTH CENTURY

English History Begins

WHEN the Angles and Saxons landed on the coast of Kent English history began. These tribes brought with them that family life which has remained an English characteristic all through; they brought a tradition of free government and equality before the law, a stubborn adherence to custom, a strict conception of duty, a love of independence, and a liking to live apart.

They came to Britain from Schleswig and Holstein, from Friesland and Jutland. There were bold pirates among them, men who lived for pillage, but by far the greater number were cultivators of the soil. At home they had owned their holdings and tilled them with industry, clearing more and more forest for pasture and arable land.

As soon as they could settle down in their new country, which was soon called Anglia or Angle-land, they started farming, they built their rough homesteads, drew the borders of their villages, chose hills for their

councils and sacred trees for the practice of their heathen rites, and lived as much as they could after the fashion of their old existence overseas.

The Angles had a long and hard fight before they could call the regions in which they sought to settle their own.

The war was a war of extermination. Neither side showed any mercy. Every battle was followed by a massacre of the vanquished, excepting those who could escape to the woods. When at length the Britons had been either killed off or driven into the western parts of the island (Wales and Cornwall) the Angles were in possession of what we still call East Anglia, divided between North-folk and South-folk, with a further spread into Lincolnshire; the Saxons held the country south of them, and Kent fell to the Jutes.

There were continued wars here and there, yet the colonisation of the country went on. It ceased to be properly called Britain and became England.

CARRY ON

The Lustre and the Glory

WE come to break the power of a company of lawless men who live as enemies of human society. We come, by the assistance of God, to hold forth and maintain the lustre and glory of English liberty.

Oliver Cromwell

NOT ALONE

ALONE I tread the heathered ways,
The jewelled vales descry,
Nor crave the crude companionship
Of those that hurry by;
For I have comradeship enough
Though no one else is nigh.

In woodland shades the feathered folk
Their happy secrets tell;
I hear the harmonies of heaven
In winds that sweep the fell;
Silent the hills, yet full of sound,
Beneath a holy spell.

And more and more I apprehend
In wood and heath and stone
The impact of a larger Self
O'ershadowing my own,
Until I know in very truth
That I am not alone:

That He who trod the Syrian snows,
And walked on Hermon's hill,
Must love our lesser English fells
And treads the mountains still:
He walks with me on Wetherlam
And down by Dungeon Ghyll.

Arnold F. Mee

Bear the Burden Like a Man

BEAR your burden manfully. Boys at school, young men who have exchanged boyish liberty for serious business, all who have a task to do, a work to finish, bear the burden till God gives the signal for repose—till the work is done, and the holiday is fairly earned.

James Hamilton

A FATHER'S ADVICE TO HIS SON

It is not perhaps widely known that Shakespeare borrowed one of his most famous inspirations from the founder of the House of Cecil, Queen Elizabeth's Secretary of State, Lord Burghley. He wrote a piece of good counsel for his son Robert Cecil, and Shakespeare thought so well of it that he turned it into the advice given by Polonius to his son Laertes.

This is what Lord Burghley wrote to his son Robert:

GOE as thou wouldst be met;
Sit as thou wouldst be found;
Weare thy apparell in a careless, yet a decent seeming;
For affectednesse in any thing is commendable in nothing;
and endeavour to be so far from vaine-glory that thou strive rather to be in substance without shew than in shew without substance.

Strive not to enrich thyself by oppression, usury, or other unlawfull gaine, for if a little, evill gotten, shall not onely melt away itself, like dew against the sunne, how then shall it haste without stay, when all the whole lump is corrupted?

Be industrious and studious in thy youth; knowing, that if by thy labour thou accomplish any thing that is good, the labour passeth, but the good remaineth to thy comfort; if, by the contrary, for thy pleasure thou shalt doe any thing that is evill, the pleasure passeth, but the evill remaineth to thy torment.

Corrupt company is more infectious than corrupt air; therefore, be advised in thy choice, for that text of thy selfe which could never be so expounded, thy companion shall, as thy commentarie, lay open to the world.

Whatsoever good purpose thou intendest at thy death, that doe in thy life; for so doing, it shall be more acceptable to God, and commendable to man.

Live virtuously, that thou mayest dye patiently; for who

lives most honestly will dye most willingly.

Be ever diligent in some vocation, for continuall ease, as it is most dangerous, is more wearisome than labour; and it is no freedome to live licentious; nor pleasure to live without some paine.

Indifferent superiority is the safest equality, as the soberest speed is the wisest leisure.

He is worthy to fall that tempts himself; and therefore shun occasion of evill, and thou hast halfe overcome thine enemy.

In all thy attempts, let honesty by thy aym; for he that climbs by privy deceit shall fall with open reproach: and forget not in thy youth to be mindefull of thy end, for though the old man cannot live long, yet the young man may dye quickly.

The waste of time is a dear expence; and he that seeks for means to pass it unprofitably spurs a forward horse without reason, to the overthrow of his rider; for whosoever wasteth many years and purchaseth little knowledge may be said to have had a long time, but a short life.

This is what Shakespeare made of it, the farewell counsel of Polonius to Laertes:

My blessing with thee,
And these few precepts in thy memory.

Look thou character. Give thy thoughts no tongue,
Nor any unproportioned thought his act.

Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar.

The friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,
Grapple them to thy soul with hoops of steel;

But do not dull thy palm with entertainment

Of each new-hatched, unfledged comrade. Beware

Of entrance to a quarrel, but, being in,

Bear 't that the opposed may beware of thee.

Give every man thine ear, but few thy voice;

Take each man's censurè, but reserve thy judgment.

Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,

But not expressed in fancy; rich, not gaudy,

For the apparel oft proclaims the man.

Neither a borrower nor a lender be;

For loan oft loses both itself and friend,

And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.

This above all: to thine own self be true,

And it must follow, as the night the day,

Thou canst not then be false to any man.

Farewell: my blessing season this in thee!



THIS ENGLAND

A summer evening near Ullswater in the Lake District

Hero of the Santal People

NORWAY has been showing many splendid qualities of heroism and fortitude since the Nazi invasion, and in spite of her present sorrows she has been remembering with pride one of her heroes, Lars Olsen Skrefsrud, born about a hundred years ago.

A poor boy from the forest-covered hills of Southern Norway, he grew up in the fresh mountain air to be a strong, healthy boy. His mother was a simple, devout, religious woman, but his father, though a clever mechanic, was careless and spent too much of his earnings in drink. The death of his mother before he was 18 was a severe blow for his future, and Lars fell into bad company and drifted about with a gang of hooligans. The result was that when he was 18 he got into prison.

His four years there was the great turning-point of his life, for he became truly sorry for his misdeeds and determined that when he came out he would become a missionary. He read as many books as the prison would allow and discovered that he could learn languages easily.

But when he did come out of prison few people would believe in him, and he was refused admittance to the missionary college. Yet one young woman, Ann Onsum, believed enough to help him with books, and she finally secured his admission to the Gossner Mission Training College in Berlin.

He arrived in India in 1863, and through many hardships and setbacks worked among the Santal people in North India.

Skrefsrud raised money for the support of himself and Ann Onsum, who became his wife, and his eloquent speaking won many British friends.

Little was known at that time about the Santal people among whom Skrefsrud worked; so he laboured hard to put their language in writing and produced its first grammar, translating the Scriptures into it. He loved music, too, and preserved many of the traditional melodies of the people.

One of his great undertakings was to move many of the people to new land where the soil was better and there was more water. Taking a small band of explorers with him, he set out and made each man bring back a handful of earth and a bottle of water as signs that the new country was good. Today there are over 50,000 living happily in that area.

To him the people came when they wanted justice and when their wrongs needed reporting to the Government. He it was who broke the tyranny of the local witch doctor. For nearly fifty years he lived among the Santals, and stories of him went home to Norway and have fascinated generations of Norwegians. He lies buried in a little grave among the Santal people of North India, but Norway cherishes his memory.

Good COURAGE

EIGHT men with life preservers and one man swimming were picked up in the Atlantic not long ago, sole survivors of the crew of 39 of a British submarine chaser. The ship had sunk so quickly that there had been no time to launch lifeboats. The men were floating about in pitch blackness when one young man discovered that another crew member could not swim and had no lifebelt. "Here, I'm a bit of a swimmer," he said, passing over his own belt, and for six hours the brave lad swam in the rough sea, managing to keep with the others until they were rescued.

THE survivors of a torpedoed Norwegian ship said: "No, thank you," when asked if they would like to be rescued not long ago. The captain of the rescuing boat was surprised; to say the least of it, but the Norwegian captain explained that there were 36 men, and their coming aboard would endanger the lives of the crew. So the rescuing ship gave a chart and some water to the men in the lifeboats and waved goodbye. It is good to know that the survivors landed safely on the Virgin Islands eight days later.

Grenfell and the Reindeer

A correspondent makes this interesting addition to our notes last week on Sir Wilfred Grenfell.

One of Grenfell's finest ideas concerned reindeer, which are so easy to domesticate. There is no need to build them any shelter. They sleep comfortably on the ground all the year through, no matter how cold. One does not have to feed them. They can dig their way through frozen snow to the moss and lichens on which they feed, and in Newfoundland it is as plentiful as in Lapland. To feed a cow through the Newfoundland winter takes two tons of hay, and that costs £8 in Labrador; the reindeer's board and lodging cost nothing. Every part of the reindeer is valuable, their skin being the best insulating covering known, and their milk excellent.

Grenfell studied the whole question and imported a herd of 800 reindeer and Laplanders to herd them. For a time things went well, but the Laplanders grew home-sick and went home. The Government was asked to help, for the experiment was for the benefit of all; but the Government refused, and as Dr Grenfell went off to serve in the last war in the Medical Corps the experiment had to be given up. The remainder of the herd was sold to Canada.

The Blackguards and the Gentleman

One of the best friends of humanity who ever lived was Dr Nansen, the great Norwegian explorer. All the world loved him. He gave his last years to ease the lives of the vast host of homeless refugees turned adrift by Germany's last war on Europe.

Now the Germans have taken Dr Nansen's son, Herr Odd Nansen, forced him to unload coal for them outside Oslo, and shut him up in a dark cell in a concentration camp. It is the way of the Blackguard in dealing with a Gentleman.

Coming Eclipse of the Moon

Next Week's Spectacle Explained

A TOTAL eclipse of the Moon will occur in the early morning of Wednesday next, August 26, writes the C.N. Astronomer. The Earth's shadow will begin to creep over the Full Moon at 5 minutes past 3 o'clock, Summer Time (2.5 a.m. Greenwich Time).

The encroaching shadow first appears on the left side of the Moon's face at the position indicated in the picture. It will gradually spread towards the right, presenting a very obvious curve corresponding to the Earth's circular shape, until by 9 minutes past 4 the Moon will have become completely immersed in the Earth's shadow; during this time the Moon will have travelled about 2500 miles into this cone of shade. For actually the Moon is speeding in the same direction as the Earth's shadow is travelling, but at the

Earth's dark disc; this would be seen as a ring of light if observed from the Moon. This was fully explained in the C.N. of February 21 in discussing the eclipse on the night of March 2-3.

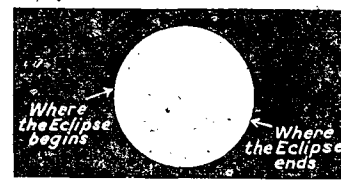
Most successful observations were then obtained and the Moon proved to appear very copery in hue during total eclipse. This time, unfortunately, the event occurs inconveniently early and the Moon may not be readily found while entirely eclipsed, which takes place between 4.9 a.m. and 5.35 a.m. when the Moon will be low in the south-west.

The total distance travelled by the Moon through the Earth's shadow on this occasion will be about 3300 miles. The amount varies very much in different eclipses, and is chiefly due to the Moon's varying distance from the Earth; on this occasion the Moon is near perigee, or her nearest to the Earth.

A Short Eclipse

The varying speed of the Moon is also an important factor affecting the length of the eclipse and the position of the Moon's path through the Earth's shadow. Also, the diameter of the Earth's cone of shade where the Moon crosses it varies between two and three times the diameter of the Moon. So, if the Moon passed directly through the centre of the shadow she might be obscured for any period between 2 and 3 hours.

On this occasion the Moon is totally obscured for only 86 minutes, from which we see that she does not pass through the centre of the Earth's cone of shade, but, as can be inferred from the picture, passes well above the centre. Just now, the Moon is travelling, on the whole, slower than in midwinter, as is also the Earth, but, relative to the Earth only, the Moon's speed in her orbit averages 2287 miles an hour. G.F.M.



rate of about 35 miles a minute faster in this part of the Moon's orbit; consequently the Moon overtakes the Earth's shadow when it lies, as it were, across her path, and rushes into it.

The Moon will begin to pass out at the other side at 35 minutes past 5, when day is breaking, and so her reappearance will not be as spectacular as when it occurs against a dark sky. But the first gleams of sunlight which will appear on the left side of the darkened Moon will soon be seen, though by then she will be sinking down low in the west and will set soon after 6 o'clock; so the Moon's entire reappearance cannot be observed from Britain.

The Moon is not likely to vanish completely at any period of the eclipse, her disc remaining dimly perceptible and be either of a coppery hue or a dark ashen grey. This is due to a certain proportion of sunlight being refracted on to the Moon's surface through the deep layer of atmosphere which encircles the

NOAH'S ARK AT KENSINGTON

THE Natural History Museum has opened its doors again and so made a notable contribution to the attractions of Holidays at Home, not for Londoners only but for many of our Allied friends in the Forces. Its opening day drew like a magnet scores of boys and girls, and soldiers with their friends, families, or sweethearts, who for two years past have looked wistfully at these portals only to be told that the Children's Gallery and some other selected ones at the Victoria and Albert were all that could be offered to them.

They will do better now, for though the Natural History Museum is shorn of some of its standard pieces, and the long procession of prehistoric animals, from the lengthy diplodocus to the sabre-toothed tiger, has retired from the scene, there are plenty of old favourites to take their place. Among them are the whales, as large as life and quite as handsome, and a sprinkling of

the ugliest reptiles and most fantastic fishes.

The Bird Gallery is on view, though rather crowded, and there is an apartment set aside for British vertebrates, under which solemn title are collected some fascinating groups of foxes, rabbits, and water voles, and an enchanting tribe of the genuine red squirrels, one of which is climbing a tree carrying in its mouth a baby squirrel as carefully as any cat its kitten.

In the Central Gallery, hardly changed, are the creatures which change their colour to white as the snow comes on; and cases of all the many insects we have to avoid; the fish caught off Africa when thought to be extinct; and above all of these on the gallery staircase, My Lord the Elephant.

One exhibit in this gallery is of special interest, showing all the indispensable metals and minerals found in the British Commonwealth and the countries of its Allies.

BEDTIME CORNER

Why Bobbie Turned Back

TOMORROW would be Bobbie's birthday, and, quite by chance, he had overheard somebody say that his birthday present—he strongly suspected it to be the bicycle he had been longing for—was hidden in the toolshed.

Bobbie could not sleep for thinking about it, and at last, when all was quiet downstairs, he slipped out.

Half-way across the lawn he stopped and very nearly cried out, for two bright eyes seemed to spring out of the

darkness and look up at him in silent reproach, as if to say: "Go back at once! You know you ought not to be here!"

Bobby was so surprised that he turned and fled, never stopping to think until he flung himself on his little bed.

How they had stared at him, those eyes! And yet—why, they weren't eyes at all! What they were he knew quite well. How stupid of him to be so startled at a pair of bright little glow-worms!

A PRAYER

Of all the miracles of time,
A new-born baby is the prime;
No greater thrill the world can give.
Lord, make my sense of wonder live!
My thoughts to Bethlehem take flight,
The Infant Christ, the world's Great Light,

Lies in His mother's arms in peace.
Lord, make my wonder still increase!
The Son of God came here below
To live and die—He loved me so.
Until I reach Heaven's blissful shore,
Lord, make me wonder more and more! David Effaye

Pixie Tea Party



Traitor on the Wing

BUTTERFLIES as a whole are creatures of delight, charming our senses with their beauty and doing us no harm. But in their family are three traitorous exceptions—the large cabbage white, the small cabbage white, and the green-veined white.

These three can live on weeds, like the rest, but prefer our cabbages, cauliflowers, and things of that sort in the garden and on the farm, and this year they are a veritable plague. Their numbers were immensely increased last year, when, with a great addition to the number of people growing cabbages, the numbers of butterflies mounted with the food supply. Hence at the end of the year there were vastly increased totals of chrysalises to sleep through the winter and hatch out this spring.

The adult insects lay their eggs on the leaves of the cabbages, the large white in patches of a hundred; the smaller ones singly. The eggs hatch into caterpillars at the end of a fortnight, and these it is, of course, that devour the vegetation on which they live. After feeding for a month a caterpillar becomes a chrysalis, and three weeks later emerges as a butterfly, which in turn lays eggs that will become caterpillars and continue the work of destruction.

Naturally the broods hatched in August are greater than those from the spring hatchings, for winter takes a heavy toll of the chrysalises exposed so long to birds and other creatures on the prowl. It is the summer hatching with which gardeners and farmers are now contending.

But the trouble is not confined to the attacks of these day-flying enemies; there is the cabbage moth that comes by night, an even worse foe. The caterpillars of the butterfly confine their ravages to the outer leaves, but the moth's caterpillars hatch from eggs laid in the heart of the cabbage, and it is these that burrow into the centre of the vegetable and render it unfit to bring to table.

In small gardens the eggs can be found and crushed and the caterpillars picked off by hand and destroyed, though unless the search for the offspring of the moth is early begun the larva will have burrowed too far into the heart to be accessible. There are various insecticides that can be used, but the Ministry of Agriculture suggests two simple sprays. One consists of an ounce and a half of soap in a gallon of soft water, with half an ounce of soft soap added if the water is hard. As the voracious caterpillars may continue their evil work as late as a mild November, it rests on all who have time to scan cabbages and cauliflowers diligently and to search eagerly all fences, tree-trunks, and outhouses near the cabbage-patch for the chrysalis that follows the feeding of the caterpillar. It is more important now than ever before.

Heroes of the Middle East

THE boys are splendid, as everybody knows.

We have just been reading of a Bellingham messenger boy who used to deliver telegrams before the war and then joined the R.A.F. He became an air-gunner-navigator of a Sunderland flying-boat in the Middle East, and the time came when his wireless was the only link between the Air HQ in Crete and the British troops in Southern Greece. The Greek Royal family had to flee, and it was Sergeant-Navigator Kemp who planned their course, first from Greece to Crete, and then from Crete to a friendlier corner of their troubled world.

A boy of Shrewsbury School, always fond of adventure stories, has lived through an adventure he is not likely to forget. He is John H. Dobson, of Teignmouth, Devon, and he was in Crete,

being treated for appendicitis in hospital, when the Germans captured the place. He was one of 400 hospital patients who were made to march in front of the Nazis as a screen for their advance. He managed to get away and stayed with a New Zealand battery until it was almost wiped out. He saw a motor barge drifting, and with a comrade swam out and brought it to shore.

The survivors of the New Zealand battery scrambled into it, and Dobson, who was the only sailor in the party, set out to take them across the Mediterranean on rations of half a biscuit and a few drops of water every day. After 100 miles petrol gave out and Dobson rigged up a blanket as a sail, and in nine days after leaving Crete they landed at Sidi Barrani safe and well, though the Nazi lines were only four miles away.

Well Done, Blairinroar!

THE villages and hamlets of Britain do not lag behind the cities and towns in their contributions to the war effort, but some of them are so remote that little is heard of them. From Perthshire and Kinross comes news of valiant school efforts made in waste paper contests, the winner among 64 entrants being the tiny school of Blairinroar in a lonely spot near Comrie.

This school's very name is like a clarion call, and its pupils set to with a will, as all Scots do when they set their hearts and minds to a task. There are only eight of them, but one boy and girl set the pace by going

round in a trap drawn by a Shetland pony, calling at farms and cottages in the glens, and between them the gallant eight collected over a ton of paper—294 pounds each.

So did Blairinroar win the prize of a wireless set, and so did it also win the honour of being first among 64 county schools. Good luck to Blairinroar! And better luck next time to the runners-up, Rannoch Station School, and to Auchterarder and Tullibardine, Ruthvenfield and Monzievaird, Braco and Trinity Gask, and all those other schools in remote places who are doing their utmost for their country's cause.

THE LITTLE BOAT MEETS A WHALE

THE story of an amazing 44-day voyage in an open boat across 1500 miles of the Indian Ocean has been thrilling Australia, where the epic trip ended.

When Java fell into Japanese hands a dozen Australian and British airmen got into a 30-foot lifeboat and set out for safety. They had ample food, a sextant, two compasses, and a map, but had no charts.

They were a day out when they had their first scare. A submarine appeared like a jack-in-the-box close to them and they saw the conning tower open and a Japanese officer looking at them through binoculars. Then, to their huge relief, the submarine disappeared as suddenly as it had come.

One day after a bad storm their rudder broke and it took the ingenious shipwrights three days of hard work to repair it with wire and bully beef tins. The weeks dragged on, and to relieve the monotony the captain (Wing-Commander Jeudwine) organised mental tests.

They had been at sea a month when they had their worst scare. A mammoth whale came up only three feet away from them. It stared at them for what seemed hours while they sat petrified, and then winked as if to say, "It's all right, boys; you may proceed," and submerged. One flick of its tail and the boat would have been matchwood!

A flying-boat sighted them after that, and they were soon on Australian soil.

DUTCH SEAMEN GO TO SCHOOL

Girls of the Hartfield Crescent Senior School, at Acocks Green, Birmingham, adopted the crew of the Dutch minesweeper Gerberdina Johanna. Recently the ship's commander and two of his crew accepted an invitation to spend their leave at the school. Hospitality was provided by parents, and the men went to school each day with the pupils, giving elementary lessons in Dutch and talks about Holland.

Next Week's Children's Hour

The BBC Children's Hour on Sunday, August 23, will open at 5.20 with No. 10 in the series The Man Born to be King. The title of this episode will be The Princes of this World.

On Monday at 5.20 we are to hear some soldier songs of the last war, with the BBC Military Band and a male voice trio. This will be followed by a play, Lullaby, from Tales of a Grandfather.

Tuesday's programme, beginning at 5.30, will include The Somerset Pixie, a story by Nora Pitt and told by Eileen Molony; it will be followed by A Wiltshire Childhood, by Ida Candy.

No. 12 of Martin Armstrong's series, Said the Cat to the Dog, will be given at 5.20 on Wednesday. This week's episode is entitled Exploring.

Listen at 5.20 on Thursday for The Mystery is Solved, Part 5 of Sampson's Circus, by Howard Spring.

Another of Olive Shapley's News-Letters from America will be heard on Friday.

On Saturday, August 29, you will enjoy an adventure play by J. D. Strange entitled Miles Kennedy, Detective.

Topsy-Turvy Country

AUSTRALIA is a topsy-turvy continent, where so many things are different that it is bewildering. For instance, constellations are different. The Great Bear is missing and the Southern Cross takes its place. It is day there when it is night in Europe, and Winter when we have Summer at home.

An Australian landscape reminds one of colour films—quite impossibly blue skies, green rivers, deep green grass after rain, writes a Brisbane correspondent. The trees are evergreen, and there are flowers at all times of the year. Palm trees and gum trees are native, but many other trees and flowers have been imported from the ends of the earth. There are fruits of all kinds, oranges, apples, plums, bananas, custard-apple, mango, strawberries, cherries, and pineapples ten for sixpence; but most fruits of European origin taste different when grown in Australia. There are not many indigenous fruits, flowers, or vegetables, but the pouched-animals are a speciality.

There were neither horses, cows, nor sheep when the first settlers came, and it is questionable whether the dingo (wild dog) is really a native. There are weird green lizards about two feet long, snakes dangerous and harmless, and insect pests innumerable. The ant and mosquito are a domestic plague. House-flies are not plentiful, but cockroaches are appalling. Except for two or three months of summer the climate is delightful.

The Aborigines seem to have little relationship to any other savages. They seem to be a homogeneous race, yet their languages differ so much that tribes living on opposite sides of

a dividing range of mountains cannot understand one another. They are of a dead sooty blackness, and their hair is not woolly like the Negro's.

The average height of the white Australian is about an inch more than the average Englishman's. His limbs are hairy, and in uniform he marches with matchless arrogance. In fact, the average Australian is like the Scotsman who prayed the Lord to give him a good conceit of himself; his prayer has been granted.

Yes, it is a strange country, unknown to the rest of the world for thousands of years, inhabited by Stone Age men, and animals which are only found as fossils in other parts of the world. It has been peopled by civilised whites for only 150 years, and even now its three million square miles have a population less than London's. We may pass hundreds of miles, hugging the shores of Northern Australia, and see not a house, nor sign of life.

This is the real Ultima Thule, the end of the world. Nevertheless, the land has a great future, and when we have won this war there will be floods of emigrants from England and Northern Europe who, we hope, will bring their factories with them. We shall irrigate this continent, and shall have no further need to sing "Advance, Australia" for Australia will have arrived.

Billingsgate Looks For a Poet

THE story goes that when Lord Tennyson died a friend of the family asked the dignified butler of the household what the new peer would do in the world.

"I expect," said the solemn retainer, "that his lordship will carry on his father's profession."

Alas, poetry cannot be handed down from father to son like the practice of a lawyer, and so they are wondering now, down in the great fish market of Billingsgate, who will succeed to the mantle of Robert Collis Hancock.

Mr Hancock died last May, at the age of 82. He owned one of the quaintest shops in the City, for it furnished everything a fishmonger's shop could possibly want, and every odd kind of tackle used in Billingsgate itself.

The firm of Hancock, Collis, & Co also dealt in poetry—to be precise, in poems printed on brown paper bags, in which cockles, winkles, mussels, and other small shellfish were retailed from shop or barrow.

Mr Hancock wrote the poems himself, and printed them on his own press below his establishment in Fish Street Hill. It could not be maintained that these poems would ever have qualified their author for the laurels of Alfred Tennyson, yet many a poet of today might well envy the circulation of Poet Hancock, for his verses were circulated in millions.

Readers of the CN must not smile if we quote one of these simple "lyrics." It is printed below a very fair woodcut of a trawler coming in from sea, is headed "Scotch Winkles and

Leigh Shrimps," and runs thus, with capital letters all in the wrong places:

*Fresh Boiled—and Always Right,
They go down well when you
want a Bite.*

*The Children Like Them, So Do
We,
Extra Good for Anyone's Tea.*

Mr Hancock's poems, however, were not always written about his particular stock-in-trade. He wrote about life in general, about men and beasts and birds. They might be rough-and-ready, but they have the ring of sincerity.

Surviving his wife and children, Mr Hancock left several grandchildren, who are all in the Services. He began life in Billingsgate when he was 12, having been born near the Monument, where he spent all his working life. He was a Freeman of his beloved City, and lived in the centre of London, being bombed out of three homes.

A visit to his shop is a real adventure. There you will find the queer leather hats and heavy boots used by the Billingsgate fish-porters, price-tickets extolling the virtues of every fish that swims, lanterns, ladles, brushes with huge metal bristles for scaling heavy fish, and a long catalogue of other strange-looking articles with strange names and purposes mysterious to anyone outside the fish-trade. It is the Aladdin's Cave of Billingsgate.

But old Robert Hancock has gone, and his rough songs with him. The poet of the fish trade has no successor.

ANTICIPATION

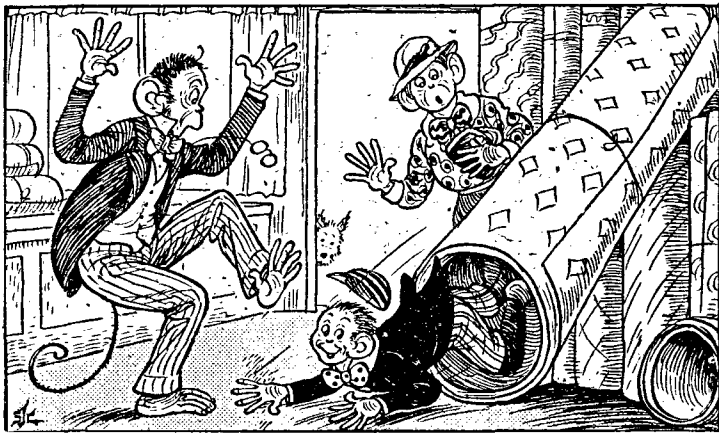
POET: Is the editor in?
Office-boy: No, sir.
Poet: Well, take this poem and throw it into his waste-paper basket.

Wordsworth's 37 Trees

Wordsworth, who mentions 46 plants and flowers, 60 birds and 38 animals, mentions these 37 trees:

Alder, apple, ash, aspen, birch, bramble, briar, broom, cedar, currant, cypress, eglantine, elder, elm, fir, furze, gooseberry, hawthorn, hazel, holly, laurel, lime, magnolia, mountain ash, myrtle, oak, olive, palm, pear, pine, plane, poplar, rose, sycamore, thorn, willow, yew.

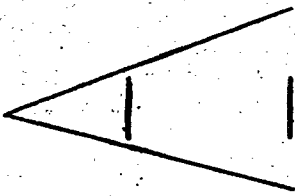
Jacko Finds a New Game



MOTHER JACKO was choosing linoleum for the kitchen floor. Jacko had gone with her, but once inside the shop he had disappeared. Roll after roll, of the very best lino was brought out for the customer's inspection. "Now here's a specially fine line, madam," said the shopman proudly. As he swung it round something slid down inside it, and landed with a plop at his feet. "Help!" shrieked Mother Jacko. But it was only that young rascal of hers enjoying a bit of tobogganing.

Which is Taller?

Look at the two upright lines in this figure and see if you can decide which is the taller. At first sight it certainly appears



that the one on the left is decidedly taller than that on the right, but if you measure them you will find they are equal.

LEAK

JACKSON: I think Fred has a very open mind.
JOHNSON: Yes; but it is so open that he can't remember he owes me five shillings!

Cattle-Truck Problem

SOME bulls were placed in a cattle-truck for a long railway journey. The first was put in head first, the next tail first, and so on until the truck was filled. There were then four heads on one side of the truck and four tails on the other.

How many bulls were there?

Answer next week

THE BRAN TUB

A New-Laid Egg

IN marble walls, as white as milk,
Lined with a skin as soft as silk,
Within a fountain crystal clear
A golden apple doth appear.
No doors there are to this strong-
hold.
Yet thieves break in and steal the gold.

Do You Live at Dewsbury?

DEWSBURY, spelt in old records Deusbereia, means David's burgh, and probably the David is St. David, to whom the town or a church or monastery in its neighbourhood was dedicated.

RELATIONS

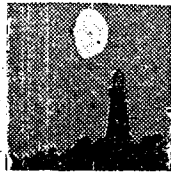
WE hear of an American soldier arriving in this country not long ago who nodded and smiled to a British soldier. "Glad to meet one of my relatives," remarked the American.

The Britisher was puzzled. "But I'm not one of your relatives," he said.

The American laughed. "Well," he said, "at any rate you and I come from the same family stock—we are both descended from Ethelred the Unready."

Other Worlds Next Week

IN the evening no planets are visible; in the morning Venus, Saturn, and Jupiter are in the east. The picture shows the Moon as it may be seen at 11 o'clock on Sunday night, August 23.



Phunny Aphair

The following notice is said to have appeared many years ago in the first number of a local paper published in the west of America:

WE begin the publication of this paper with some phew diphiculties in the way.

The type phounder phrom whom we bought our outphit phor this printing ophphice phaled to supply us with any ephs or cays, and it will be phour

When?

AT the village post office: I want to put in ten pounds. Can I get it out quickly if I want it?

You can take it out tomorrow if you give me three days' notice.

THAT THAT

GEORGE came home from school one day with a puzzle which he was confident would beat his brother.

"Look at this, Harry," he said, handing over a slip of paper. "See if you can punctuate this."

Written on the paper were the words:

"That that is that that is not that that is not."

Harry studied this for some time and then solved the problem.

"Very good, George," he said. "Now, here is a puzzle for you. Can you write a sentence using the word 'that' five times consecutively?"

George did his best, but at last he had to give it up, and Harry supplied the answer. What was it?

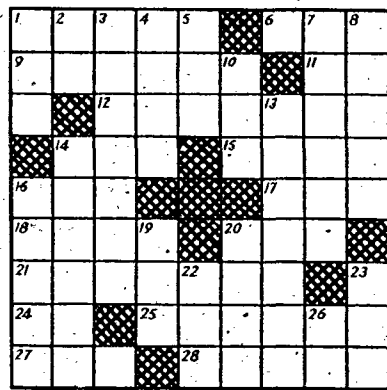
Answer next week

Cross Word Puzzle

Reading Across. 1 Get knowledge. 6 Poisonous snake. 9 Central court of a Roman house. 11 In the direction of. 12 Piano compositions. 14 To obtain. 15 A heavy volume. 16 Air disturber. 17 A primary colour. 18 Impetuous rush. 20 A kind of vase. 21 Well-being. 24 French for in. 25 Gives information to train driver. 27 Destructive rodent. 28 Iron is a common one.

Reading Down. 1 Boy. 2 French for and. 3 Where ammunition is made or stored. 4 Disturbance of the peace. 5 Lives in a convent. 7 Contains a plant's pollen. 8 Assumed an attitude. 10 Wipe your shoes on this. 13 Rushing stream. 14 Lead ore. 16 Not so many. 19 National Fire Service (abbrev.). 20 To impel. 22 To direct a blow. 23 Every one. 26 Anti-aircraft (abbrev.).

Answer next week



The Boy Talks With the Man

can war material to the African desert and the Arctic to win a war, will see a similar cooperation eager to witness the triumph of peace.

Without plans made for the benefit of all we cannot expect all to prosper, and unless there is a plan for prosperity there will again arise mass discontent. It is not as though our world, taken as a whole, offers extraordinary abundance to mankind; the truth is far from that. In many respects the world exhibits an extraordinary degree of natural inequality, and unless men will help each other they are doomed to poverty. On the other hand, if they will help each other to live freely and happily in the world which is actually at their disposal, they can gain the power to help each other to such a degree that a world of happiness may be substituted for a world of care and trouble.

COMPLAINT

ON his hill stood a Mole, and said he:
It's this fine mountain air that suits me,
But, alas! my food's found
In a hole underground,
Where I'm stuffy as stuffy can be!

Proverbs About Hope

WHILE there's life there's hope.
Hope deferred maketh the heart sick.
Hope is a good breakfast but it is a bad supper.
He that lives on hope has but a slender diet.
Great hopes make great men.

SWEETENS CHILD'S SOUR STOMACH IN FIVE MINUTES

Mother! You'll be positively amazed how quickly a little 'Milk of Magnesia' sweetens a stomach made sour and sick by too much rich food. 'Milk of Magnesia' overcomes the sour acidity the moment it reaches the stomach. That sick, ill feeling quickly passes away and in no time the little one is as lively as a cricket. Then 'Milk of Magnesia' moves the bowels and relieves the system of the offending bile and undigested food which have made the child ill. At the first sign of sickness just give 'Milk of Magnesia' and nip the attack in the bud. Get 'Milk of Magnesia' today and have it handy. 1/5 and 2/10 (treble quantity). Including Purchase Tax. Also 'Milk of Magnesia' brand Tablets, 7d., 1/11, 2/3 and 3/11½. (Including Purchase Tax.) Obtainable everywhere. Be quite sure it is 'Milk of Magnesia'.

'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of Magnesia.

EVERY WEEK

during the summer months we are sending parties of young people to our Settlement at Chess. Every week we will be full up with young life, building for the future, sitting for the stern days which lie ahead. WE MUST SEND THEM for these holidays, away from the tragedy and desolation of the East End, into the clean air and comfortable surroundings which await them. Will you help? The REV. PERCY INESON, Supr., The EAST END MISSION (Founded 1883), Bromley Street, Commercial Road, Stepney, E.1.

Splendid Corrective!

The scarcity of certain foods, resulting in a less varied diet, is very liable to cause irregularity. In such cases, Lixen is a splendid corrective. It does not purge or gripe. It forms no habit. Prepared from senna pods by a special process that removes all harshness, it helps the system back to regularity in a safe, healthy way. Lixen is equally suitable for young or old.

Lixen Elixir is the palatable liquid in bottles, 1/2, 2/-, 3/6.
Lixen Lozenges, fruit-flavoured, in bottles, 1/6.
Plus Purchase Tax.

Made in England by Allen & Hanbury Ltd.

LIXEN

THE GOOD-NATURED

Laxative

L.19

WHEN THE WAR IS OVER

Boy. I suppose it is true to say that in the last World War, which began in 1914 and ended in 1918, we had to go through many of the sad experiences of the present war. It was a very hard tussle, wasn't it, and at times many people seem to have despaired. And after the war was won there was grave domestic difficulty—so grave that at times millions of people were out of work all at once?

Man. What you suppose was actually the case. The most serious trouble came even earlier than in this war, and in the last year of the war it again looked like touch-and-go. After the war there came such a calamitous world slump in trade that in every country there was ruinous loss, the suffering being as acute in the United States as in Australia or New Zealand.

All over the world hard-working people were driven to eat the

bread of charity, and many once-flourishing business houses were brought to ruin. You are right to recall these things, for unless they are recalled we shall have, first, the greatest difficulty in winning the war at all, and then the greatest difficulty in making a real World Peace.

Boy. Have you any fears about these things?

Man. My fears are acute, because I myself have lived to see the war lessons of 1918 forgotten. We have found it necessary to learn all over again what to avoid in fighting a new world war, and we have fought in a new war for nearly three years without having planned what is to follow it.

The mistake we made before was to allow circumstances to overwhelm us, without making definite plans of a cooperative character. What we actually did was to set the trumpets to sound Cease Fire!

and expect the world to resume its pre-war ways. If we do that again the same things, or even worse, will assuredly follow. The world, with its chief cities ruined as never before, will gaze in bewilderment at the trouble it has made and see disorder pile upon disorder as never before.

Boy. But that is not necessary, is it? A thing is not necessarily difficult because it is big. Surely the obvious need for organisation of the world's affairs will help the world organise itself?

Man. That is what we hope for, and it should help that there has been more definite planning in the use of the world's materials for the purposes of war. The distribution of her wealth by America for the assistance of the Allies has struck a new note of cooperation in the world, but we have still to wonder whether, when victory is won, it will be perceived that the cooperation which has sent Ameri-